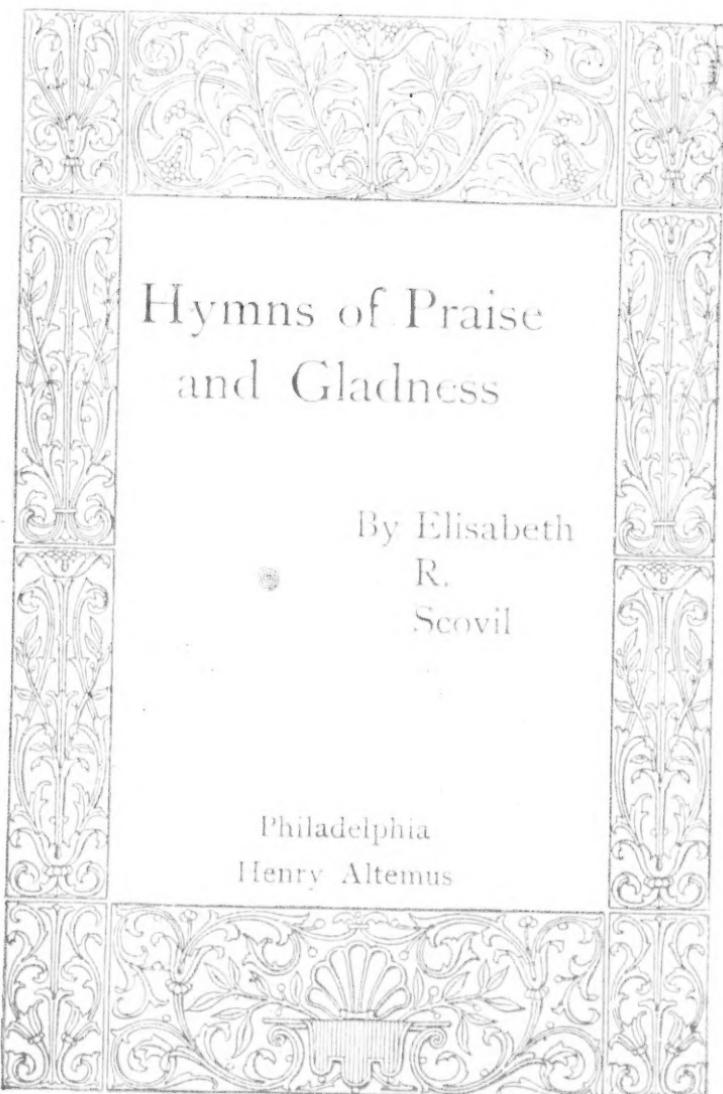




Elizabeth Robinson Scovil.



Hymns of Praise
and Gladness

By Elisabeth
R.
Scovil

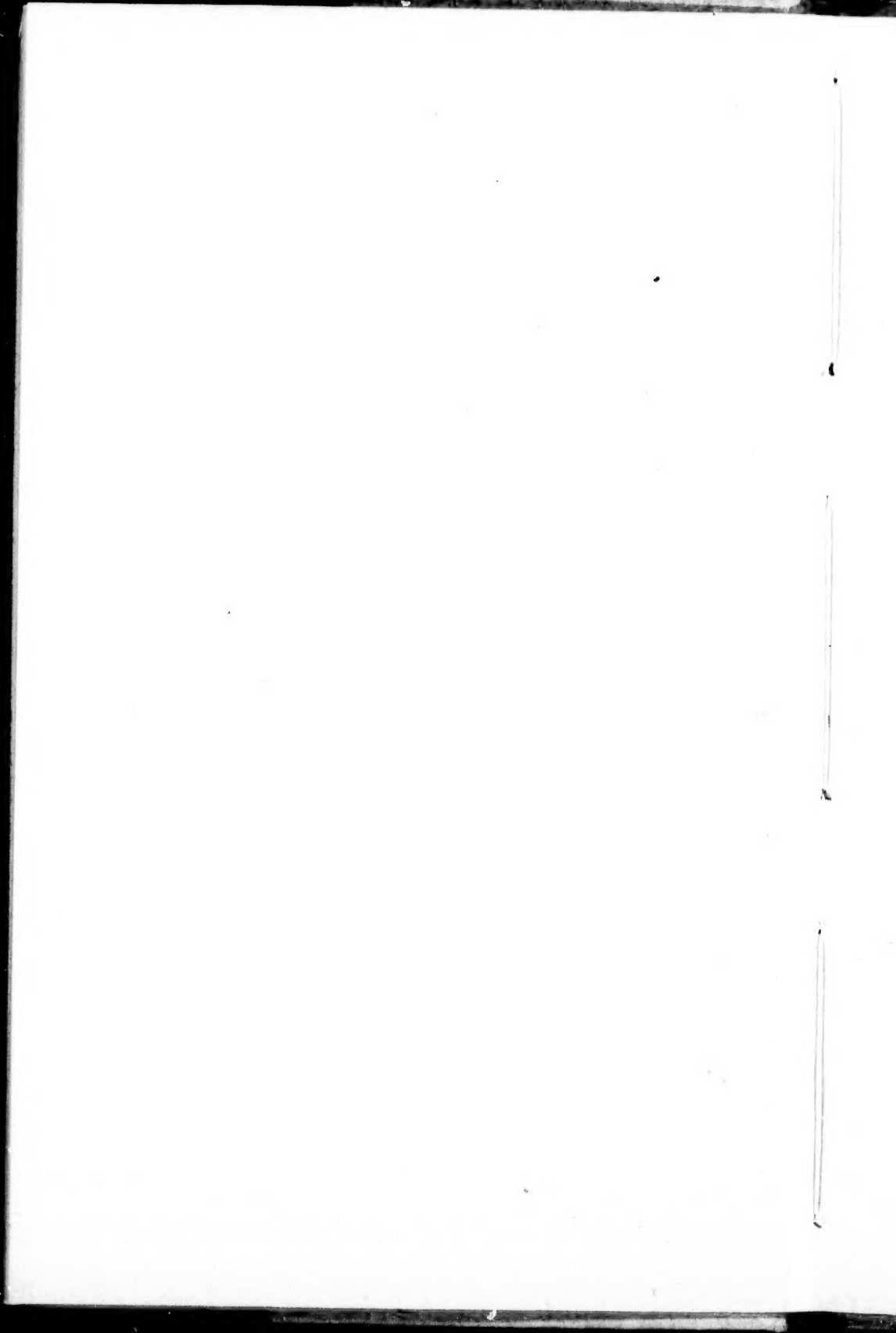
Philadelphia
Henry Altemus

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EASTER LILIES.

Easter lilies on the altar
In the place of honor found,
It is only very lately
They lay buried in the ground,
Shrouded in their darksome prison
All the snowy winter time,
Hidden close they gave no promise
Of this fair and stately prime.

Now a white cross on God's altar,
Shining like a star from thence,
Type of that mysterious union—
Suffering and innocence.
Very soon our mortal bodies
Like the lilies will lie hid,
In the grave where Jesus tarried
They shall rest as once He did.

Saviour, by Thy cross and passion,
By Thy resurrection hour,
Grant to us to share Thy triumph,
Change us by Thy mighty power.
Make these forms now vile and earth-worn,
Like Thy glorious body bright,
Spotless as these lily-blossoms,
May we walk with Thee in white.

RESURGAM.

The hands that pressed our own are still,
The eyes are shut whose glance could thrill
Our inmost heart with love's dear pain.
The silence aches. We wait in vain
For the fond words that used to tell
What we could never know too well.
Gone—all are gone. The empty days
Drag slowly by. In these dark ways
Is there no hope? Does naught remain?
Must solitude and anguish reign?

No, there is comfort even here;
One died for us and rose to save.
Our flesh He wore, and as He was
We too shall be beyond the grave.
On that first Sunday when He came
Triumphant back from death's dark shore,
To doubting hearts He showed the wounds
That still His sacred Body bore.

RESURGAM.

So at the Resurrection morn
This garment of the soul, laid by
With these sad tears, shall be restored
Immortal then, no more to die,
But still the same that here we loved.
The tender touch, the voice, the smile,
Whose loss has left us desolate,
Are gone but for a little while.
As surely as our Lord returned,
Changed, yet unchanged by death's sharp pain,
When the new earth in splendor shines,
We shall possess them all again.

KEPT IN REMEMBRANCE.

I would be still remembered
When I have passed away
From all the cares and duties
That fill each busy day,
When tired hands are folded,
And feet at rest may stay.

The dear familiar voices
That utter now my name
I would have still repeat it
In tender tones the same ;
Not bury it in silence,
As if the sound were pain.

As one for quiet resting
Withdrawn a little space ;
Or one gone on a journey
To some fair healing place,
Whose soft repose and stillness
Earth's toil-marks can efface ;

KEPT IN REMEMBRANCE.

As from misunderstanding
For evermore set free ;
As loving and remembering,
Those left must think of me,
And thinking thus speak often ;
But never mournfully.

LENTEN THOUGHTS.

"Come apart and rest awhile."

'Tis thy Saviour's call to thee.

"From thy pleasures and thy cares

Turn aside awhile with Me."

And the Church, His Bride on earth,

Echoes still His voice to-day,

In this holy Lenten tide,

"Turn aside," she says, "and pray."

Thou did'st keep the Christmas Feast

With a glad and willing heart,

Joining in the angels' song ;

In the Fast now bear thy part.

Friends and neighbors round thee press,

Thronging duties claim thy care ;

Little time to thee seems left

To be spent in quiet prayer.

Our Lord trod this busy earth,
Lived its life of toil and haste ;
Knows how much *thou* hast to do ;
Would He bid thee time to waste ?

Yet He says, "Come rest awhile."
From the outward, look within,
Learn to know thyself, and find
How to conquer secret sin.

In the desert, with thy Lord,
Tell Him all thy troubles sore,
Weariness, and pain, and grief,
He has borne them too—and more.

He will pity, help, and heal,
Aid thee in the mortal strife ;
Send thee back with strength renewed
For the warfare of thy life.

When His Easter morning dawns,
Having kept the fast with Him,
Joyful to His holy feast
He will bid thee enter in.

A PRAYER.

"Defend, O Lord, this Thy child with Thy heavenly grace, that she may continue Thine forever; and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more until she come to Thy everlasting kingdom." Amen.

Defend her, Lord. Could prayers avail
To shield and keep her safe from harm;
Ours, offered from the depths of love,
Would weave for her a sacred charm.

It may not be; no spell is ours
To work such wonders. Yet we pray,
Not that no ill may near her come;
But that she may be Thine alway.

Thine own—made strong for every strife,
Pardoned, protected by Thy grace,
Increasing daily in Thy love,
Grant her at last to see Thy face.

THY ROD AND THY STAFF.

"The rod for correction, and the staff for support; both together forming the cross."

Thou chastenest me in mercy,
If in brief wrath Thy rod descends;
And no correction joyous seems,
Yet with the pain sweet comfort blends.

Thou sendest me a staff, Thy love,
A sure support to comfort me;
It gives my tired feet fresh strength
To tread the path that leads to Thee.

And both together, rod and staff,
Form the one Cross to which I cling;
There love and justice met in Thee,
My Judge, my Saviour, and my King.

I AM NOT WORTHY.

"Lord, I am not worthy that Thou should'st come under my roof; but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed."—St. Matthew viii. 8.

"I am not worthy." Is not this the thought
That soonest springs within the happy
breast

When the dear love, long dreamed of and
desired,

In tender whispers is at last confessed?

Before the o'erwhelming bliss of love re-
turned

The soul shrinks back in deep humility;

"I am not worthy of this mighty joy,

What have I done that it should come to
me?"

If human love brings questionings like these,
What says the heart, all soiled and smirched
with sin,

When at her door incarnate Love himself,
The King of Glory, seeks to enter in?

"I am not worthy, Lord, that Thou should'st
come
Under my roof." This her first cry, and
then,
As Faith draws near she waxes bold, "He
heals
With but a word." "Speak, Lord, with power
again."

IN EXTREMIS.

He "heard thee what time as the storm fell upon thee."—Ps.
lxxxi. 7.

Not when the sunlight lies
On upland slope and field,
And life's first brilliant hours
Bewitching foretastes yield.

Nor when at noontide's prime
Success makes all look bright,
Or love's enchantment shows
Fresh vistas of delight.

We pray to God indeed,
But comes there voice or sign
That to calm prayers like these
He doth His ear incline?

'Tis when the land is dark
With clouds of doubt and dread,
And heavy storm-drops fall
On the defenceless head;

IN EXTREMIS.

No shelter from the blast,
No hiding-place in sight,
The sun of joy and love
Gone down in blackest night :

Then the bewildered soul,
In anguish and in fear,
Cries to her God for help,
And *knows* that He doth hear.

FAITH.

Lord, I believe. Though shadows intervene,
And mists rise up to hide Thee from our
sight,
These are but earth-born vapors : full and
clear
Beyond the cloud of doubt shines forth the
Light.

We may not know Thee now by outward
sense,
Our eyes are holden that they cannot see
The glory and the beauty of Thy face :
We cannot penetrate the mystery.

Help Thou mine unbelief. The mighty facts
Of science are a blank to childhood's mind,
Yet are they none less true because in them
Uncomprehending souls no meaning find.

If any man will do Thy will, to him
Shall knowledge come, enough to guide
aright.

It solves no subtle problems : these must
wait

Another world, where faith is lost in sight.

FORGIVENESS.

"Lord, how oft shall my brother sin
Against me, yet forgiveness win,
Till seven times?" asked one of old.
And we to Peter's question bold
The gentle answer know full well,
The Master's words we each could tell.

We know, but do we ever heed,
In strong temptation's sudden need,
When fiery passion rises high
At thought of wrongs that deeper lie
Than any outward injury,
Although no eye the wound may see?

Help us, dear Lord, for Thou hast known
This pain of being left alone
With wounded love. Thy questioner,
When trial came, was quick to err,
And in Thy ready pardon we
The measure of our own may see.

Then, though the bitter tears may rise,
Our angry thoughts grow calm and wise,
Stilled by Thy soft, constraining tone,
We answer : " Master, not alone
Till seven times, but limitless,
Make Thou our heart's forgivingness."

**"MAKE THOU ALL HIS BED IN
HIS SICKNESS."**

Tossing restless on his pillow
Through the long, long, weary night,
Lies the sick man, watching sadly
For the blessed morning light.
All the pleasant things that pleased him
Vanished from his daily life,
Knowing that the new day brings him
Only weakness for the strife.

What was once a couch of comfort
Turned into a bed of pain.
Tender touch of wife or mother
Tries to smooth it, but in vain.
So we turn to Him whose presence
All the dark as light doth make,
For His angels guard the sleeping,
While He stays with those who wake.

"MAKE THOU HIS BED."

And we ask that from this pillow
He will take the thorns away,
Make this bed of restless anguish
Soft as faith and patience may.
Teach the lessons that are needed,
Still the doubts, the love inflame,
Shield him while he lies there helpless,
Raise him up to praise His name.

"PITIFULLY BEHOLD THE SOR-
ROWS OF OUR HEARTS."

Oh God! Behold with pity
These hearts that Thou hast made,
Weighed down with crushing sorrows
And shrinking back afraid.
Great griefs and disappointments,
The anguish of regret,
The sharp pangs of bereavement,
The little cares that fret.

The change in friends who loved us,
The dying out of joy,
The deepening of the shadows
As years our hopes destroy.
The bitterness of longing
For those who come no more,
The agonies of parting
The future has in store.

Dear Master, look upon them.

Thine eye can pierce the shade,
Thy glance has healing in it ;

We need not be dismayed.

Dwell in our hearts, and sorrow

No longer means despair ;

Patience and strength and comfort

Will come if Thou art there.

LINNÆA, OR TWIN FLOWER.

(LINNÆA BOREALIS.)

Pink bells, fairy bells,
 Springing from the sod,
Underneath the pines,
 Where the fairies trod.
Twin bells, fragrant bells,
 Ringing friendship's chime,
Breathing love's delight,
 In the summer time.

Pinkest where they turn
 Modest face to earth;
Raining sweetness down
 On the pine leaves dearth.
On the slender stem
 Perfumed censers swing,
While the long June days
 Gathered fragrance bring.

LINNÆA, OR TWIN FLOWER.

Lowly on the ground
Creeps the parent vine ;
Twin leaves on brown threads
Their green carpet twine.
When the bloom is o'er
Steadfast they remain,
Till the autumn winds
Scatter them again.

Messengers of love,
Truly tell the tale ;
Summer sweetness lasts
When the storms prevail.
Your pink glory stays
Fadeless through the year ;
Garnered in our hearts
Wintry days to cheer.

FRET NOT THYSELF.

Fret not thyself, complaining soul,
What though the darkness seem to roll
In waves of deepest gloom ?
A path shall open through the shade,
And room enough for thee be made,
And God thy cares assume.

Fret not thyself, a mind at rest
Is best prepared to serve Him best
Who orders all our ways.
The little cares, that seem so great,
Of mind, of body, or estate,
On high our hearts should raise.

Fret not thyself, a mind disturbed
Utters itself in speech perturbed,
That leads to ruder strife.
Then quick repress the fretful sigh ;
Remember God Himself is nigh,
And trust to Him thy life.

THE BLESSED COMPANY OF ALL
FAITHFUL PEOPLE.

Each at his task is toiling,
And we heed them not as we run ;
Dark with shadows of evening,
Or bright with the rising sun.
Each with his face set eastward
To catch the first gleam of the light.
It matters not what the task
If the work is but done aright.

Some labor is crowned with triumph,
Some is scarred with defeat,
They know not which is the better,
For the task is incomplete.
It cannot be wholly finished
Until death has set the seal ;
For what is success, or failure,
The next world waits to reveal.

There is but one thing needful,
That the will shall be firm and true,
Prompt to follow the Master's
Wheresoever it leadeth to.
Perhaps to the heights of conquest,
Where labor is crowned and blest
Where genius is fully honored,
And the workman's skill confest ;

Or low to the darksome valley,
Where the scattered fragments lie
Of work that was crushed by failure,
And that seemed to men to die.
It may be those broken pieces
Have a mission to fulfil,
To place on a firm foundation
The city set on a hill.

If it serves the Master's purpose,
The workmen do not complain
If they themselves and their service
Seem to them but naught and vain,

THE BLESSED COMPANY.

Like hapless besiegers lying
In the ditch before the foe,
Their bodies forming the pathway
Over which their comrades go.

A willing sacrifice offered,
If that is their part to be,
Content to have done their duty
Though the fruit they never see.
The bond of a faithful service
This company binds in one ;
Though the work shall fail, or prosper,
The verdict will be "Well done."

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